I Love You No Matter What by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Nancy gains a little weight and doesn't think Jonathan will find her attractive anymore.

I Love You No Matter What

Author's Note:

> This isn't kinky at all, it's actually pretty sweet.
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For Nancy the Freshman Fifteen is more like the freshman thirty. With the endless dining hall buffets, and late night drinking and weed smoking and and takeout and Jonathan, and her mom not constantly policing her food all the time, she blows up. Truly. It's embarrassing. She goes from a size 2 to a size 8, a size XS to a medium, a 32A to a 36C.

Their sex life suffers. Nancy is never in the mood it seems. She never sits on his lap anymore, doesn't change in front of him. Barely kisses him. One day he sees a scale in her dorm room. Then low calorie everything. She stops eating with him in the dining hall. It's been nearly a month, and he should have done this sooner, but when he catches her staring at herself in the mirror in disgust, he stops her.

"Hey Nance, can we talk?" He asks, sitting on her bed.

"Um, sure," she says, walking over to him and sitting down as lightly as she can.

"What's going on recently?" He asks softly.

She pushes a lock of her hair behind her ear,

"What do you mean?"

He clears his throat,

"Your… um… weight."

Nancy's face crumples,

"Um, I, I knew this would happen. I'll give you your stuff back this week. If you could just, get out, that would be great."

His eyebrows scrunch together,

“What do you mean?”

Nancy’s pacing,

“You’re breaking up with me.”

Jonathan stands up,

“What? No! What the- Nancy, stop,” he grabs her arms and stills her, “Relax, Nance, look at me baby,” He coos softly, “I’m not breaking up with you! That came out wrong. You just, you seem really insecure lately and I don’t know why.”

She glares at him,

“You don’t know why? I’m big as a house. I’m disgusting.”

“Nancy, I love you. Why would I break up with you just because you gained a little bit of weight?”

“A little bit of weight? I gained like thirty fucking pounds! I probably weigh more than you,” she says hysterically.

“Nancy, I love you. No matter what you look like, I promise.”

She sighs,

“I don’t, I look disgusting.”

Jonathan shakes his head,

“You could never look disgusting, you look sexy.”

She snorts,

“I do not.”

He nods,

“You do. You look, amazing.”

She rolls her eyes,

“You have to say that. You’re my boyfriend.”

He shakes his head,

“I’m serious. Can I show you?” He asks.

She looks skeptical, but he ducks down to kiss her softly. He’s such a good kisser, he’s soft and sweet and gentle, much like the way he fucks. He kisses her softly, licking into her mouth and pulls her to the bed. She hesitates when he pulls her onto his lap, but he just removes her top and bra, massaging her breasts,

“See, look at these. You look so sexy baby. Your boobs, your ass, your thighs. Your stomach. I just want you to be on top, so I can watch you, how good you look,” Jonathan isn’t the best at dirty talk, but Nancy can tell he’s trying.

He sucks a nipple into his mouth and grinds up against her, showing her how much he wants her. She moans, wrapping her hands around his back, panties starting to dampen. It’s been so long. Too long. She was self conscious of the roll around her middle but that didn’t mean her sex drive lessened. And Jonathan was good, it was always so good, he fit inside her so good, and she doesn’t feel self conscious anymore as she grabs at his pants to unzip them, and pull his hard dick out, stroking.

“Please,” Jonathan mumbles, hand tugging at her leggings, and she nods. He lifts her up, and she doesn’t even think about the fact his arms are straining, because then she’s back on his lap and he’s inside her.

The both moan and Nancy’s nail dig into his shoulders. It’s been too long, they’re never not having sex again. She moans as he grabs her ass and he kisses her softly,

“I love you so much Nancy, you’re beautiful and amazing.”

“I love you too. I’m sorry, I know I shouldn’t have thought something like this would bug you, I know you’re better than that.”

“I know you do baby, it’s okay. Just tell me what I need to do to make you come, because this is gonna be over fast,” he mumbles into her neck.

“Just kiss me. Tell me how much you love me. That was fun,” she teases, licking her fingertips to rub at her clit.

“You’re teasing,” he says against her lips.

“Always,” she says, kissing him.
They rock together slowly, and kiss softly and Nancy feels as beautiful as Jonathan says she is, and he makes sure to keep his eyes open as she gets even more beautiful as she throws her head back and her eyes roll back and she moans out his name, and clenches around him, and it doesn’t take much more for him to come, groaning her name and resting her head on her big pillowy breasts, which really are his favorite.

“Do you believe me now?” he asks, once they catch their breath.

She shrugs,

“I mean, maybe you can show me more later,” she teases, bopping his nose.

“I love you Miss Nancy Wheeler.”

“I love you Mr. Jonathan Byers.”

“Can we go get some ice cream now?” he asks.

She laughs, dropping her forehead onto his shoulder,

“I guess we can.”